



No Escape



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Chapter 1 by TabiD

I wake up in a small hospital room, without a door. The metallic scent of blood fills the air, I almost gag. I can hear the moaning and beeping of the various machines in the room, I feel the slick smooth of the hospital gown beneath my body. I crane my neck to get a better look at my surroundings, when the action is abruptly stopped by the throbbing in my temples, I try to touch them when I realize that my hands and feet are bound to the bed I don't remember climbing into. I start looking for something to cut the bonds with. "Hello is there anybody there?" When I see a shadow coming from the doorway just to the right of me. The closer the shadow gets the better I can see the silhouette of a large man with what looks to be a syringe in his hand. I start working more furiously to get my hands free, when I realize that the bonds holding me captive are loose! I move my hands more while a sense of freedom courses through me. If only I could just get my- the thought is cut off by the sound of the stranger's footsteps echoing off the bare cement walls. With the sense of freedom disappearing and replaced by the sense of absolute terror, not knowing what else to do I close my eyes and pretend to be asleep. Though I keep moving my hands to free them, I try to hide the movements, for fear of what will happen if my captor finds me awake.

I open my eyes a little just as the mystery man comes in. He looks like he's in his late 30s, about 6ft, and has jet black hair. I stop moving my hands and go limp because what I thought was a syringe is actually a really thin exacto knife. He moves behind me and leans down and whispers in my ear "I know you're awake" I try to not to tremble. He walks around to the front of me, he takes the knife and starts cutting my leg bonds and then puts the knife at the end of the bed, just out of my reach. And then the man leaves.

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my foot to the bed, failing in the process. I pick up the knife between my toes, pull my foot to my left hand. I take the knife in my hand and start rubbing against the leather bonds holding me hostage to this tiny prison. I rub, and rub the knife against the restraints until my hand cramps and I feel like I can't move it anymore. I break through the bond and nearly slit my wrist in the process. I start undoing the bonds on my right hand until both of my hands are free. I get up on my right side careful not to put any pressure on my left side while the throbbing in my foot is unbearable. I hobble towards the door and look both ways for the mysterious man. I turn around and see a sign lit up and my heart soars. Its an exit sign. I hobble as fast as I can,(which isn't very fast.) I go back to the room and pick up the knife, and hobble back towards the door which holds the key to my freedom. I come to the door and try and open it and my heart stops, the door is locked. I don't have any other choice, I think. so I start down the corridor that the mystery man took, knife in my hand ready to strike. I walk slowly, grimacing when my left foot touches the floor. The corridor bends, and I follow it down until I see a ladder going up the wall. The man had to have gone up there, I think. there's no other escape so I start on the first rung. It feels like an eternity, but I make it to the top. It's pitch black, and the floor is cold beneath my bare feet. I feel for a wall, and hold onto it until I reach the end of it. I feel all around, but I don't feel anything that resembles a door or a doorknob. I start to cry from fear and frustration. While I make my way back down the wall towards the ladder. I start down when I hear something like metal on metal. I'm filled with hope of the possible exit but also fear because of the unknown. I bring my hand with the knife to my chest and hope I won't have to use it. The scraping stops and I feel even more terrified because I don't know where the scraping was coming from, and now that it stopped I'll probably never know. I round the corner and stop at my little death room. I look inside for something bigger than my tiny knife. My eye catches on the iv stand next to my bed, I rip the saline off and pick up my new weapon. I head for the door, but I turn towards the hallway with the exit sign, hoping to be able to bust open the door. As I'm walking the air gets warmer. I look at the door and I realize that it's open a crack, I couldn't believe my eyes. Freedom was so close I could taste it. But then I look along the door and see a man's shoes. I get scared but I push the feeling away, because I have to get out of here and this is the only way. So without thinking I push open the door and swing as hard as I can at the man

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waving my arms, praying and hoping that a car will come my way. I count down the minutes; five, ten, twenty go by and I can't bare standing on my foot anymore so I sit down on the soft grass. I put my head in my lap and close my eyes, listening to the deafening silence of nature. I hear the roar of an engine and I spring up waving my arms like crazy trying to see who's driving the car , but I can't see anything. I don't care though because this means freedom from my hell hole. The car is so close I can smell the exhaust coming from it. My heart sinks while I realize that the figure driving the car is the man I hit with an iv pole I scream and start running, not caring about my foot. I scream once more before I know that I won't make it out alive.

I feel the car hit Lizzy the pretty 14 year old, and I stop a couple of feet away, I get out and look at my handiwork. This was better than I could have imagined. "They always run." I say. I remember gazing at her while she was sound asleep, watching her from a distance through the window. I remember following her to and from school, crawling through her window while she wasn't home, to smell her clothes. Looking through her diary. And my favorite part feeling her body go limp when I smothered her with chloroform. But now she's dead. I'll need to work on not killing them too quickly, but I had no choice she used force so I had to retaliate. Well no harm no foul. On to the next one.

"Where am I?" I say as I look down and see that my hands and feet are bound to a bed that I don't remember climbing into

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